

George Jones

"My Baby Left Her Jinglin' John For Foldin' Fred"

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Well, my baby left her jinglin' John for foldin' Fred
True love never backed up one word that she said
That proved to me that a black bear is green when it's
red
My baby left her jinglin' John for foldin' Fred.

My baby told me, Honey, you're poor but I love you
And you could make me happy just livin' in a little old
shack
You seemed real happy with my jinglin' John's pocket
money
Till the grapevine told her that foldin' Fred was back.

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True love never backed up one word that she said
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red
My baby left her jinglin' John for foldin' Fred

--- Instrumental ---

Now her love was sweeter than a great big watermelon
And love was fifty-fifty right done the middle of the line
I'd a-been better off if I'd never of tasted her lovin'
She took the heart from a melon and left me nothin' but
the rhine.

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Well, my baby left her jinglin' John for foldin' Fred...

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